

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1920

Thomas R. Marshall, Vice President of the United States, remarked the other day that he was preparing to descend into the obscurity from which no vice president ever emerged. Alas! he is the fifty year old Attie Marshall. The cheap wit of the paragraph has degraded the office of vice president, but it remained for Mr. Marshall to laugh at the searers and to remind us that no Vice President of the United States has ever been an obscure man. He is one of the best liked men since the days of Mark Twain. And he has had a long and a distinguished career. There is no sham about Marshall visible to the naked eye, but there is sham about those posers who being afflicted with ambition pretend that they would not be vice president.

Before the election, Mr. Marshall was in Greenbrier County to make a speech and while there gathered about him a group of interested men to hear his conversation. Mr. Marshall acted like a fellow citizen and showed that the frank and fearless American still existed. He is the kind of man who if he meets with triumph or disaster, he treats those two imposters just the same.

He told the boys that every time Bryan talked in his sleep that he suffered financial loss. And a man told us that Marshall had remarked in a casual manner that every time that the country had amended the constitution that they had worsened it. And that is the subject of this sermon.

When the constitution was adopted it was a perfect document and each part was consistent with every other part. But in the heated discussions which arose in every state when it was submitted to the people, demagogues arose and demanded that it be adopted only with the tacit understanding that reservations and interpretations be immediately provided for, and the bedevilled proponents agreed to the proposition to get the thick-witted, loud-mouthed partisans to hush. At the first Congress which met in 1789, therefore, the first ten amendments were proposed and in the course of the next two years were adopted by ten of the states. There is no evidence that Connecticut, Georgia, and Massachusetts ever adopted them. They were meant to guard state rights and to prevent encroachments by Congress, and the result has been just the reverse. They are used every day to give the federal courts the power to review the construction that state courts and legislatures put upon the common, ordinary rights that they were meant to keep the federal government from interfering with. For instance under them the federal courts have the right and power to pass upon what is an unreasonable search and seizure, something that otherwise would be definitely settled and determined by the state courts.

Except for the undermining tendency of the amendments as to state rights, we have no criticism to make of any of the amendments. They are all wise and just as abstract propositions for the control of human conduct. But their tendency is to centralize the government and to impair the sovereignty of the state. A way has been found to deprive the minority of rights they enjoyed under the law by the votes of the majority. The precedent has been set and it is only a matter of time until some Socialist will propose an amendment to the constitution to socialize the property of the citizens of the United States.

It behooves every thinking man to be on his guard against incorporating any purely statutory matter into the constitution. And the bigger and more unwieldy the nation becomes the greater the danger. And the infusion of foreign blood through the wide open doors to emigrants adds to the danger.

There is a close connection these days between booze and automobiles. When ever a neighborhood wakes up these fine mornings to find certain of its free running citizens studying reeling and writhing, the first thought is to look for the automobile that brought the poison into the community, though there is little use of that for it is over the hills and far away.

With the universal use of cars, moonshine can be carried great distances in a single night and they pass like ships in the night.

There is a tale going the rounds to the effect that in one of the largest towns in this part of the State that about midnight a strange car was being driven through the main street and that it collided with a telephone pole and upset and bottles of moonshine were scattered all over the street. As late as it was it was but a few minutes until a large crowd had collected around the wreck and the story goes that they all helped themselves. The car was badly broken up, and the owners of the car and the crowd had very little conversation. The strangers worked hard to get the car in shape to travel again and the populace did not interfere with them. The engine would not run and presently the strangers went pushing the car away and were seen no more. The next morning there was the sign of the broken bottles and some other wreckage but from that day to this no one has any idea where the car came from, who was driving it, or where it is now. It vanished.

On another occasion a man was driving a car along a lonely mountain road when he heard a man shouting on the mountainside and he stopped the car, and wanted to know what was the matter. The voice replied and said did he want to buy any liquor? The man in the road requested the voice to come on down and say who it was but after that all was silence and that was all there was to the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

At every term of court there is ev-

idence of moonshine manufacture that puts the old time whiskey to the blush. It is as clear as spring water and as strong as aqua fortis. When they open a bottle for the jury to inspect the pungent odor fills the court house and makes its presence known.

Moonshine so near and yet so far, And not a drop for me; And there was moaning at the bar, And stimulated memory.

As near as we can guess, the automobile has given the liquor trade a new lease on life. If none of the stuff is used within a hundred miles of the still, it is hard to detect the site of the factory. Undoubtedly more moonshine is here in the summer months when the automobiles can make long and mysterious trips than in the winter. And the authorities are up against a practise that makes the old fashioned jug trade look small. We believe that the trade will gradually die down, and we are not sure but what it ought to be given time. That is that the crime of dealing in spirits should be taken up as a part of the day's work, the same as any other crime, and dealt with in the same manner. We are not at all sure that making a speciality of the detection of the crime does any good. Just handle it like any other offense without fear or favor and wait for a better day. It should be less of a game of wits between the officers and the moonshiners, with plenty of applause on both sides. It might be more effective to treat it like other crimes, with the cold, effective disapproval of the law.

"How is the lumber market?" this was asked a lumber dealer on his return from the large cities.

"There aint any—nothing but history," was the reply.

Honesty is the best policy, was an old saying when Benjamin Franklin was alive, and he carried the word. Within the last few days, magnates have gone about with lanterns looking for honest men to reward them, and picked on Judge Landis, of Chicago, to rehabilitate baseball, giving him a salary of \$42,500.00 a year, with a seven year contract, to look after baseball in his spare time, and take some of the curse off of it. Judge Landis is the judge who lined the Standard Oil Company \$29,000,000.00. True it did not stick, but by the time the Standard Oil Company got through paying its lawyers it was punished very severely. Being fond of baseball and knowing the difference between a fly and a foul, the judge has been engaged as a great archangel of baseball and will draw a salary beyond the dreams of the average.

The other instance is that of Governor Cornwell, who on the completion of his term of office on the 4th of March next, takes up his duties as director of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway Company. He will be the only citizen of West Virginia on that board and it is an honor well deserved. The B. & O. is the patron saint of West Virginia, and had more to do with the creation of West Virginia as a separate state than any other element. It is the sole cause of what is known as the Eastern Panhandle, where by the way, Cornwell has his home.

Willard, the President of the B. & O., is an exceptionally highgrade man, and deserves to be ranked with Lovett, Ford, Edison, Gary and other

highgrade business men of America. To be associated with Willard is no small part of the honor conferred. We are glad to see Cornwell get this berth, and it would have been pretty slow practicing law in Hampshire County after serving as such governor of West Virginia with such signal success.

Speaking about Cornstalk, it becomes our duty to volunteer a brief for the slayers of that distinguished old torturer, having weighed the evidence and disagreed with the conclusions of certain historians in regard to that event.

After the battle of Point Pleasant a fort was maintained there as starting point against the powerful Indian tribes located in Ohio. In 1777, we see under the handwriting of Jacob Kennon, he volunteered for ten months service and marched directly from the Little Levels to Point Pleasant where he became a member of Captain Matthew Arbuckle's company. This was the month of March. The war was on with England and that country was inciting the Indian tribes to war upon the settlers. The hostilities had already broken out in the Kentucky region and the Virginia settlements moved into their stockade and waited with certainty for the savages to descend upon them. Jacob Kennon was a member of the single company which held the fort at the Point during the entire summer, and there was no question but what he was there when Cornstalk was killed, but no member of the garrison had anything to do with the killing of Cornstalk. On the other hand they attempted to save his life.

Early in the spring, Cornstalk and a younger chief called Redhawk, came to the fort to talk over the state of affairs with the commandant. Cornstalk told him that he was restraining the Shawnees with great difficulty, and that it was only a matter of a short time before the Indians would commence war upon the colonies. Capt. Arbuckle then detained the two Indians as hostages and sent word to the Governor of Virginia of his action. The government of Virginia then raised some companies in Augusta and Botetourt and sent them to the Point under Col. Skillern. Jacob Kennon says that about seven hundred men arrived there under this commandant.

They found the garrison on short rations. They were there out a short time when Cornstalk's son, Ellinpsico, came into camp to see what had become of his father. This Indian made his appearance as follows: He came to the opposite bank of the river and hallooed, and Cornstalk recognized him, and had him come over.

On the very next day two men Gilmore and Hamilton, of Capt. John Hall's company of Rockbridge County crossed the river to hunt deer, at the place that Ellinpsico had emerged from the forest, and they were waylaid and fired upon by the Indians, and Gilmore was killed.

Who can doubt but what they were fired upon by the savages that Ellinpsico had brought with him to hunt up his father who had been detained at the fort for some weeks? There is no manner of doubt but that Ellinpsico had brought with him a party not knowing that the one company garrison had been reinforced by a small army under Skillern. The necessity of hunting for the purpose of supplying the army took the men into the woods and it is possible they

stumbled on the encampment of Indians who considered that they were forced to kill them to keep the word from the fort that a force of Indians was surrounding the fort. If such was the case the man that they killed roused memories that were fatal to the house of Cornstalk. For Gilmore was a survivor of the Gilmore family who were massacred on Kerr's Creek in Rockbridge County by Cornstalk on October 10, 1759, eighteen years before. Capt. John Hall in whose command Gilmore marched, was a near relation of those Gilmore's. When Hamilton appeared with the news of Gilmore's death, Capt. Hall and a party of men crossed the river immediately and brought the scalped body back to camp with them.

They were frontiersmen and used to reading signs. They must have known that these Indians were Shawnees under Cornstalk, and they must have recollected that Cornstalk had killed the Gilmore's in 1759; that Cornstalk had led the party that massacred the settlers at Muddy Creek, and at the Clendennin farm, in 1763, in the Big Levels of Greenbrier; and that he was the warrior in command of the battle at Point Pleasant in 1774.

The summary vengeance that these Rockbridge men determined upon in the woods is what might have been expected from the stern men of the times, and if they had not acted so swiftly there is no doubt but that chiefs would have been accused and tried by the military authorities.

Col. Stuart has left a writing to the effect that he stood on the bank of the river with Captain Arbuckle, and that he had observed to Arbuckle as he saw them carry the scalped body of the slain soldier down the bank and place it in the canoe and start to pass the river that they would be for killing the hostages, and that he and Arbuckle met them on the bank and endeavored to dissuade them, and were themselves threatened with instant death. That Captain Hall was the leader, and that he and his men cooked their guns and made Stuart and Arbuckle stand aside.

Cornstalk met the infuriated soldiers at the door of his cabin and fell with seven bullets through his body. Ellinpsico was killed by being shot as he sat. And Redhawk went up the chimney but was discovered and killed.

Before the men landed, Ellinpsico was accused of having come with the Indians who had killed Gilmore and he denied this, and on that issue rests the innocence or guilt of the three Indian chiefs.

Who can believe that Cornstalk, the chief of all the Shawnees, and Ellinpsico, his son, were in ignorance of the existence of the band of Indians who slew Gilmore? It is not reasonable that Ellinpsico was telling the truth when he said that he had come alone to rescue his father.

It is significant that no action was taken against the soldiers who killed the chiefs. Patrick Henry was governor of Virginia, and he demanded that they be brought to trial, but not even the influence of his high office could lay a hand upon one of the men who had been maddened by the circumstances and brought retribution to the treacherous savages.

Within a few days, Gen. Hand, a trained officer, arrived and took up the matter in council with the officers of the army, and though he was the commanding general, and the offence was so recent, not even his great in-

fluence could detain the men who killed the chiefs for an instant. These well known facts indicate that the actions of the avengers of the Gilmore's were justified in the minds of upwards of a thousand Virginians who were in the best position to judge of the facts and circumstances.

This case is like many other cases which have been distorted by history. And in many instances, the acts of the brave men of the Revolution are easy to defend.

Cornstalk was a vessel of wrath and he was out of and he perished and the score against him was a long one.

EMERGENCY EXAMINATION

The "Last Teachers" Examination will be held at Marlinton, November 27th. Subjects: reading, spelling, theory and art, arithmetic, history and geography. Persons who have held emergency certificates and persons who now hold regular certificates of any grade are not eligible.

G. D. McNeill, Co. Supt.

FOR SALE—One 3-4 Belgian colt (mare), large size, will sell right to a quick buyer. For further particulars refer to P. M. Townsend, Lobelia, W. Va.

MCLAUGHLIN HOME BURNED

The two-story brick house owned by Rev. H. W. McLaughlin, located on the Clifton Farm and occupied at the time by Edgar H. McLaughlin and family, was destroyed by fire Tuesday morning with practically all of Edgar's household and kitchen furniture—a serious disaster for him. This was the old McLaughlin home, long a landmark in this part of the county and its destruction is a severe loss. The property was insured in the Farmer's Home Fire Insurance Company for \$2,000 which will by no means cover the loss.

The fire broke out in the attic from a cause unknown—Greenbrier Independent.

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Hillsboro W. Va.

MY FRIENDS IN THE MOUNTAINS

ELIZABETH THORNTON

Being an Account of Three Months' Mission Work by an A. T. S. Girl in the Virginia Mountains.

Entirely surrounded and cut off by high, wooded ridges, these people of the mountains live in a beautiful fertile valley in the western section of one of our fairest Southern States. They are apparently content with their lot, yet upon closer study and more prolonged acquaintance, one discovers a certain restlessness, an unexpressed, nameless longing which they cannot themselves divine. We began our work among them early in the summer, and during the three months of our stay conducted two Sunday schools, prayer meeting, a Christian Endeavor Society, and a day school. At Mountain Grove, our nearest post-office, stands a Presbyterian church, building in which, so far as we were able to find out, no Sunday school or other organized form of service had been held for nearly four years. That fact again brings home the challenge, "The need-to-day is not so much of money, but of men."

The territory just adjoining Mountain Grove, known as Little Back Creek, was really the center of our activities. There we made our home with one of the families—and may I add that our mountain home was ideal in every respect. There we taught daily in a tiny one-room school house which served as a church as well, and there we made the acquaintance of the live in the picture, Ethel the pretty little black-haired girl, and her two brothers sitting just to her left, had not been in school at all until this summer. There had been no school in that place for two years, and no Sunday school. Small wonder then that the children had "done forgot all they ever knowed." The evidence of lack of training was appalling, but the bright minds, active, health bodies, and the eager unfeeling interest, were a constant challenge to give them the best that was in us.

From the weaver of carpets and coverlets who had long since passed her allotted threescore years and ten, to nine-year-old Bill, the weaver of dreams, each person in the valley was a center of our active interests and our prayers. During a meeting conducted by Rev. William E. Hudson, of Staunton, Va., many confessed Christ, among them being four heads of families. These Christians, young in faith, are now sadly in need of a leader, and as yet no teacher has been secured for the school this winter. There is no Presbyterian preacher on the circuit—where is their chance?

To return to the weaver of carpets, she is altogether delightful. Her record for the past twenty years, in weaving, is eleven hundred and fifty yards of the most-perfect and most beautiful work I have ever seen. How we did love to hear her narrate the ever day events of her life, her words did so strongly testify to her serene constant trust in her Lord. She always made me think of the last chapter of Margaret Sangster's book, "Winsome Womanhood," for with such sweet patience and peaceful contentment was she "waiting for the angels."

To come to Bill—well, he was just Bill—alive to his finger tips, quick laughing eyes, bubbling with the energy and fun of youth. I well remember my first question to him and how he answered. "Bill," I asked, "In what State do you live?" "Little Back Creek," he answered, with prompt decision. Thus Bill described his State and that of many others in a far better, clearer way, than any language of mine could picture it to you. There are countless others in the mountains, bright, interesting boys and girls with wonderful possibilities. Yet life to most of them is just an ignorant, blotted page, as they live their lives apart from the busy world, following the ways and customs of their fathers. The older generation, too, realize the need, for in their own appealing way they have told me, "You have no right to leave our children to grow up like this without a teacher."

Friends, there is One who stands ready to be their teacher, to meet their needs. His gospel alone is indispensable and adequate. It is through our lips that he wishes to speak to them, through our lives that he wishes to lift them to him. He has never failed, yet sometimes do we not fall him?—The Missionary Survey.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned sheriff of Pocahontas County will attend in person or by deputy at the following times and places for the purpose of collecting taxes due.

Raywood	19
Boyer	22
Arbovale	23
Greenbank	24
Dunmore	25
Frost	26
Huntersville	27
Brady	November 17
Linwood	18
Slaty Fork (Commissary)	19
Robert Gibson on Elk	20
Buckeye	22
Stony Bottom	23
Clover Lick	24
Edray	25
Onoto	26
Woodrow	27
Mill Point	November 17
Hillsboro	November 19 & 20
Seebert	18
Beard	22
Spice Run	23
Droop Mt. (Kersliners)	24
Lobelia	26
Jacox	27
Marlinton	29 and 30

A discount of two and one half per cent will be made to all persons who pay their taxes on or before the 30th day of November, 1920. Interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum on the amount of each tax bill will be added thereto from the 1st day of January, 1921, until paid.

WILLIAM GIBSON, Sheriff.

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REMEMBER THE DATES

November 29-30 December 1st

S. H. HINER

Durbin West Va.